5: Basedow D-5 (1911)1913 OI20 Tiwi OI20

Notes on The

"i, i, i, . . . ," changing, it may be, occasionally to a "hi, hi, hi, ..." "That one all-a-same bird," remarked one of my Larrekiya boys, who stood near to me, quite overcome with excitement; and, indeed, I did now recognize the similarity to the trill of the great stone-plover or "curlew" (*Oedicnemus sp.*). The leader having in the interim returned to the starting point and thus completed that part of the performance in which we might be prone to find an analogy with the polonaise of a modern ball, suddenly "doubles" or breaks to a running pace and all the others follow his example. He selects a wide spiral course, gradually nearing the centre and concentrating the body of men to a mass of humanity which to the observer seems to be moving in confusion and disorder. The pace quickens. The men stamp the ground with their feet, at the same time throwing up their arms and keeping them erect from the shoulder. An explosive shriek from the leader is echoed by the voices of all the others. The stamping of feet ceases and the arms of the performers drop to their sides. The leader now steps out to a position in front of his group of men, who, all of them, have turned to face the same way, viz., towards him. Looking to one side and lifting his arm in that direction, the leader emits a high-pitched shriek, which, as his arm is swept downwards on that side, is followed by a combined roaring "hoi" of all the others. This item is repeated several times over; alternately on one side and the other, in succession. This concludes another part of the corrobboree.

All performers now form themselves into a semi-circular group. The excitement is intense; forcible argument and debating ensue, accompanied by jocular shouting and laughing, which are repeatedly stimulated by gleeful interjections of "irr," an exclamation common to all Australian tribes.[1]

Having come to some different arrangement among themselves, a "tempo" is set by all members clapping either one or both of their hands upon the sides of their thighs, or their buttocks, producing dull and drum-like sounds by the impact. The latter are in marked unison and rhythmical. A performer now jumps from the semicircle of the time-beaters and runs round in a circle, facing its centre, and all the while stamping his feet. The interest and excitement increase among the audience, who further subsidize the accompaniment with a note, that is produced by a spluttering movement of the lips and sounds like "brr, brr, brr." As the stamping of the performer is accelerated, the clapping quickens with it. All at once he throws up his head and shouts "poop." This solicits an immediate response of "ah" from all others present.

Stationing himself in the centre, he next cuts some wonderfully clever and athletic antics. At the start he stamps the ground vigorously with both feet in alternation; the crowd keeping excellent time with their accompaniment of clapping hands upon their buttocks. As his pace increases, the beats of the hands become sharper and both hands are used (usually when striking the buttocks more posteriorly). While he stamps his feet, the performer, at the same time, vibrates

[1] *Vide* footnotes, H. Basedow, *Trans. Roy. Soc. S. Australia*, vol. xxxi, 1907, p. 33.

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159 548 595 668 797 (b) had each a number of wives at home, (c) had not rented any to the Japanese as yet (mainly because of lack of opportunity), but (d) were all suspecting each other of contemplating an early trip to the Yelmpi country and therefore were in chronic indecision on the whole matter. Hence Mariano's arguments were greeted with the applause that any group of people caught among a complicated set of moral alternatives will give to one of their number who has solved for himself the conflicts that beset them and has solved them moreover in a way perfectly consistent with all his previous attitudes. It was the applause and approval that is expressed in our culture by some such phrase as "I may not agree with him but at least he is sincere and you always know where he stands."

159 593 But like similar people elsewhere Mariano inspired no close intimate loyalty. Nobody felt warmly toward him. The missionaries used him but didn't like him, the anthropologist found him invaluable as an informant but intensely irritating in his self-importance and his belief in his own indispensability; among the natives he had no intimates and no close friends. His relations with his wife were much more formal and distant than was usual among monogamous couples and she frequently criticized him both in public and in private for what she called his "failure to talk to her"—undoubtedly the Tiwi equivalent of the American wife's complaint against her husband's absorption in business or politics. He was fond of his children but played with them little and then in a silent, brooding sort of way, confining his caresses to tickling and squeezing them, unlike Antonio whose play with his children was always carried on in an endless flow of chatter and two-way conversations. Child-talk, one surmises, was beneath Mariano's dignity.

177 159 All in all, Mariano was a forceful, domineering, self-important, introverted man, pursuing his dedicated way as the leader of a cause—collaboration with and imitation of the whites—but having personality traits which prevented him from inspiring any of the affection or warm devotion that other types of leaders inspire. There were many Tiwi, especially among the younger men, who were ready and willing to adopt at least the easier aspects of white culture such as clothes, work in Darwin, disrespect for tribal laws, violation of taboos, but in no sense can they be described as Mariano's followers, still less his admirers. Everyone respected Mariano, everybody consulted him, everybody made use of him and listened to him, but nobody warmed to him. He was as sound, as domineering, as aggressive, as humorless, as dedicated, as admirable as one of the Old Testament prophets—and just as difficult to like.

LOUIS

159 Of the five sons of Turimpi, it may be that the two who were most similar in whatever it is that is called personality were the second and third sons, Mariano and Louis. Both were "lonely ones," both had about them a kind of gloomy, inward-focused aura which inhibited warm friendly relations with others. Among a people to whom laughter and gaiety come easily, both were completely devoid of humor. Both were men dedicated to a cause, but in the

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159 Tip, and every white man who came in contact with him immediately shortened his name to the obvious diminutive form, was a person whose whole life was devoted to laughter. No English word fits him so well as the word "gay." This gaiety was not clownishness or buffoonery nor did it contain any element of malice or desire to hurt others; it was simply an enormous sense of fun. The other four brothers were in their different ways rather taut and tense personalities, or at least three were and Antonio was when away from home. Tip alone of the five brothers was always completely relaxed and unself-conscious. He was always looking on the bright side, always trying to banish tension and worry with a quip or a wisecrack, always making a joke. His favorite sentence opening was "perhaps." On one occasion a camp I was in was badly scared by a ghost appearing in the middle of the night in the midst of the camp fires. Everybody, anthropologist included, huddled around their fires, not daring to look and yet unable to abstain from furtive peeps. Finally the apparition seemed to have gone and there were low whispers from various firesides of, "Has it gone?—I think it's gone—it doesn't seem to be there now." "Perhaps it's gone to Port Darwin to see a movie," said Tip, loudly, and immediately the tension was broken and the whole camp shouted with laughter. On another occasion a group of natives who were escorting an elderly and venerable French priest through the bush, were chased by a herd of wild buffalo[8] and forced to take refuge in the nearby trees. The buffalo pawed and snorted under the trees and a discussion took place as to how to frighten them away. Shouting, swearing and throwing sticks failed to frighten them off. "Perhaps, Father," said Tip, convulsed with laughter at the whole proceeding and addressing the priest, "perhaps they would go away if you cursed at them in the Church language [i.e., Latin]."

159 There are several important things to notice about Tip's humor. One is 522 that much of the time he used it as a means of initiating action, as in the ghost 561 incident where he took the lead over several senior men in dissolving the tension, or in the Warner incident,[9] where the initiating suggestion to play a very old and hackneyed joke came from him. In a culture that looked with disfavor on young men speaking out of turn, Tip was always speaking out of turn, but because such speaking was always in a joking form, few if any natives recognized it as being out of turn. From certain points of view we might say that Tip had found, through his gaiety, a tool which he used to make his presence felt without exciting social disapproval because of his lack of age. But that statement makes the whole matter sound far too conscious and deliberate. Again we face a constantly recurring problem—how much of "personality" is status-dictated and how much "natural"? Will increasing years and dignity cause Tip to cease laughing at life and its problems? There seem at least two grounds for strongly doubting it. One is the admittedly subjective but strongly held view that Tip didn't laugh and joke and come out with his incongruous "perhaps" to achieve effect or as a means to the end of social recognition, but because he genuinely and naturally enjoyed his own humor. Too many nights have I dozed off to sleep listening to Tip gurgling with sup-

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pressed laughter on the other side of the fire as he recalled to himself the amusing incidents of the day. Even when alone with his thoughts he was still laughing. This suggests that Tip's gaiety was "natural" rather than contrived for effect, and there is support for the suggestion in the fact that Tip was regarded as a poor hunter, because, as one critic put it, "He doesn't concentrate on killing the kangaroo but plays jokes on the kangaroo and makes a game out of hunting." Another indication that when alone he behaved in the same irresponsible manner that he exhibited in public.

The second ground that suggests that fun-loving and gaiety are not incompatible with increasing age and tribal status is the fact that there were many old and venerable Tiwi who loved fun and laughter just as Tipperary did. One such was Tu'untalumi, one of the most elderly of the Tiklauila, a man of weight, dignity and poise. He was a highly respected person, an expert in ceremonial performances and a rigid traditionalist in all things. But despite his age and dignity this man was as given to fun and laughter as Tip was. The main difference was that Tip's laughter was loud, boisterous and prankish; Tu'untalumi's jokes and quips were delivered in low, gentle tones and his laughter was dignified and restrained. But within the limitations imposed by his status he got as much fun and extracted as much humor out of life as Tip, illustrating the point that age and seniority in Tiwi do not at all necessarily mean sourness and lack of humor. Although the two were not related Tipperary played up to the old man and courted and valued his approval while Tu'untalumi clearly liked having Tip around him. They were kindred souls but separated by more than forty years of age.

As is probably the case in most cultures, so among the Tiwi—the genuinely gay person is popular. Tipperary though the next to youngest of Turimpi's sons was the one with most friends. Perhaps significantly, his friends were among both his seniors and juniors, but not among his brothers. Antonio was the only brother who sought Tip's company and this can be accounted for either by the fact that Antonio, when not harassed by his status, was an easy-going, friendly and none too intelligent man who laughed readily even when none too sure of what the joke was, or that he found Tip's company a relaxation from the cares of state. Of the other brothers, the self-righteous and puritanical Mariano considered Tip frivolous and deplored (or was jealous of) the tendency of white men to become fond of him. Louis actively disliked Tip perhaps because his love affairs were an obvious target for some of Tip's better quips. "Perhaps he is going into the bush to take a nap" was one of his comments when he saw Louis disappearing among the trees. With his full brother Bob, Tip had few close ties, perhaps because Bob spent much of his time in Darwin, but even more likely, one suspects, because Bob, an indefinite and colorless youngster, shrank from attracting public notice, whereas Tip was always drawing attention to himself, with the result that Bob to save himself embarrassment avoided his company.

Outside his siblings, Tipperary's gaiety earned him the liking and companionship of the younger men and made him a favorite younger man of some

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of the oldest and most respected seniors, particularly of Tu'untalumi and those swayed by his opinion. It follows from this that Tip though given to jokes and pranks cannot be written off as merely a privileged buffoon. On the contrary his wit and gaiety earned him friends and his friends gave him influence out of proportion to his youth. Some insight into this is supplied by the shadow of the ubiquitous Louis. Tipperary, through the missionaries' efforts on behalf of monogamy, had obtained a wife at a much earlier age than would have been possible under pre-white conditions, and according to the women, who have their own sources of information about such things, Louis was strongly attracted by Tipperary's wife. Since Louis was not noted for restraint or self-discipline in these matters the obvious question was why he did not press his attention on her as he had done on numerous other women, including the wife of Tip's younger brother Bob. "Oh no, he doesn't dare chase after Tipperary's wife. The old men would be very angry if he did anything to her," was the reply of the old hags who were the local gossip columnists. This belief that the "old men" would undoubtedly protect Tip's wife while they had noticeably failed to protect Bob's wife from a similar threat (see below) is a pretty clear indication that the two young men had very different places in tribal estimation—a fact that in turn can be correlated with no status differential between them and leaves only the "personality" difference between the two men to account for it. Tip was popular with the control groups, Bob was not, therefore the control groups would support Tip because they liked him. They were indifferent toward Bob.[18]

To summarize Tipperary is relatively easy. He was a cheery, relaxed, fun-loving young man who enjoyed his own humor but enjoyed it all the more if it were shared by an appreciative audience. He was therefore gregarious, friendly, outgoing and extroverted. He would have been a good Rotarian or a better disk-jockey. Because of these traits he was noticed a great deal more by his elders than his age justified and the notice he received was usually favorable. He was popular in a way none of his brothers were, and because of this popularity was able to express opinions and exert influence to an extent unusual for one of his years. In a society where men under 30 are expected to be seen and not heard, Tip was constantly being heard. This was only possible because his natural gaiety and warmth prejudiced almost everybody in his favor. He was the sort of man about whom it is often said in our culture "he always makes a party go," or, "he is the sort of person who just naturally makes friends."

BOB

The youngest brother, Bob, needs only two words to describe him—complete nonentity. About 27 or 28 when I knew him and, because of the Mission's efforts, married a good deal younger than he would have been under pre-white conditions, Bob, whatever the occasion or circumstances, was always part of the background. Like many of the younger Tiwi he was inclined to spend part of each year in Darwin working for the white men, and by them he was regarded as a good, willing, obliging and respectful worker.

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leads to the situation—quite foreign to our way of thought and also apparently to that of Polynesian cultures—whereby a young bachelor can prowl around the bush all night without arousing the slightest interest but his daytime wanderings, ostensibly in search of game, are watched by his married seniors with the deepest suspicion.

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[9] The buffalo, which are confined to Melville Island, are the wild descendants of domestic East Asian water buffalo which were imported during an early attempt at settlement.

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[9] It is perhaps not without interest that one of Tip's jokes is imperishably preserved in the files of the Peabody Museum at Harvard. Tip was in Darwin in 1927 when W. Lloyd Warner was collecting at the Native Compound the anthropometric measurements which were afterwards analyzed by W. W. Howells (1937), and like all other natives in town from many tribes he and a number of Tiwi were measured by Warner. On the card for each subject Warner wished to record the personal name of the native. Led by Tip, all the Tiwi measured bestowed upon themselves the most obscene "native name" they could think of, and years later Tip would shout with laughter when telling how Warner faithfully recorded these obscenities, often repeating them several times to make sure of the correct pronunciation.

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[10] This set of sentiments surrounding Tip's wife also gives a little more insight into the sex activities of Louis. His reluctance to move in on her, because of the way "the old men would feel," while showing no such reluctance to move in on Mrs. Bob, supports the view implied above that Louis, while sex dominated, was no fool in his amours. He had an intelligent and realistic appreciation of just how much he could get away with.

[11] I use this slang term deliberately, since it expresses somewhat the Tiwi attitude toward those young bachelors who go about seducing the wives of their elders and betters.

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boomerang, is unknown to the islanders. Ceremonial customs, language, origin, and burial rites all differ from those of the mainland tribes, and constitute an interesting study for anthropologists. They are the only aborigines who erect memorials on the graves of the departed, and, in the forest beside the aerodrome, you may see a typical grave surrounded with queerly-carved ironwood totem-poles. The poles, some eight feet in height, are carved in varying patterns. They had been painted in highly decorative designs with red, yellow, and white ochre, with black bands of charcoal to give sharp and artistic contrast. Each kindred totem to that of the deceased must place a pole at the grave. Failure to erect a pole is supposed to signify that no sorrow is felt for the death, and punishment will follow. Something unpleasant always *does* happen to those who neglect this duty.

AFTER these necessary digressions, let us return to my visit to the mission station. We followed the fathers over the stile, up an avenue of palms, and on through the garden, where pineapples and bananas grow, and there are rows of immense and beautifully shady mango-trees. Sturdy, fuzzy-headed aborigines strode in front (one of them had just come in with a couple of kangaroos for the larder), and the boys trooped along behind us. The quarters of the fathers are very much those of bachelors, perfectly bare, with guns in the corners and a few native weapons and curios hanging on the walls.

Here two lubras brought us morning tea, and here I learnt much of the foregoing matters. The fathers themselves are entertaining men of the world, and their white cricket shirts and khaki slacks gave no indication of their calling. The boys gathered at the foot of the steps leading up to the quarters, and every now and then black-bearded Father McGrath would banter them in their own language. Like all the native peoples

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797 of North Australia, they are fond of a joke. They chuckled delightedly. Father McGrath can preach in the native language, ● 522 but dear old Father Gsell (every one on the north alludes to him in these affectionate terms) must deliver his sermons in pidgin. [798] Sometimes this greatly amuses the congregation, and many spirited and life-like reproductions are enacted again and again after the service.

797 WHILE taking a walk round the grounds of the mission station, an urchin of no more than three and a half years of age 753 was pointed out. That very morning this little fellow had 761 plunged into the shark-infested straits and saved his baby sister from drowning. She was unconscious when brought ashore, and the usual methods of resuscitation were followed by Father McGrath, who had hurried to the scene. Then arose one of the difficulties the mission staff are constantly encountering. All the [754] ills that befall the islanders are attributed to magic. No black ever dies a natural death: always there is some evilly-disposed person responsible!

When treatment was commenced, the child had been laid on her stomach while the water was pushed out of her body. The blacks had seen an apparently drowned boy revived when laid on his back, and immediately became excited and angry. It was necessary to turn the child over for a while, otherwise the mission fathers would have been held responsible if she had not recovered. And, all the time that treatment was in progress, an old woman (very much in the way) had sung in the baby's ear.

In the opinion of the women who had gathered round, it was the singing that brought the little girl back to life, and her recovery had nothing whatever to do with the father's efforts, although he would have been held responsible if he had not been able to save her! The old men have some glimmerings of common sense, but the old women are terrible old witches and it is quite impossible to convince them.

When anyone is sick, it is the invariable custom to sing a monotonous phrase over and over again in the patient's ear to bring him back to health; and, wherever a pain is felt, it is usual to cut the skin down to the third integument to let the sickness out. On one occasion a man was suffering from acute abdominal pains, and his relations, who wanted to cut him open, came to the mission fathers to seek their approval of this drastic treatment. Here was an awkward predicament! If the sick man was cut open, he was sure to die; and, since nothing would induce him to go to the hospital at Darwin for skilled attention, he might die in any case. In either event the fathers would be held responsible. They stood firm and refused their approval. However, while the relations were hesitating in view of the emphatic assertions of the mission fathers, the man made a surprising recovery. The cure was of course ascribed to the singing, not to the good advice that kept the man on a starvation diet of water only.

755 The islanders firmly believe that they will be poisoned if they go to Darwin for treatment, but they will always trust their own people. One man, who had been employed on a pearling lugger (all the islanders are naturally good seamen), had a leg taken by a crocodile, and was forced to find some new way of making a living. He had learnt a lot too much in the years that he was away, and, on his return to Bathurst Island, he set up in practice as a witch-doctor. A woman on the point of